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THE LIMERATOMY

As I lay in my bed on the flat o' me,
I was shocked at the sight of the fat o' me,
So to keep my nerves steady,
I concocted and edi-
ted this luminous, lim'rick anatomy.

THE LIMERATOMY

A COMPENDIUM OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE

FOR THE

MORE PERFECT UNDERSTANDING OF THE HUMAN MACHINE

BY

ANTHONY EUWER

Done in the Limerick Tongue and Copiously Visualized with Illustragraphs by the Perpetrator

New York
JAMES B. POND
1917

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DEDICATION

When I get next to facts, I'm afraid I'm
Inclined more or less to parade 'em,
Hence I gladly inscribe
To the medical tribe
Whatsoever they find here to aid 'em.

For the privilege of using a number of the limericks and drawings in "The Limeratomy," the author wishes especially to thank the publishers of *Collier's* for their courtesy. Also the *Associated Sunday Magazine*.

PREFACE

There is probably no order of verse that has met with higher-browed disdain than the lowly limerick. Some poeticians would place it beside the sea-cucumber in the scale of poetic animal life. Others go still further, terming it the Ford of poetic locomotion. True poetry-poets of the thirty-five cent magazines as well as newspaper rhymsters of low degree have conspired alike to accomplish its downfall. It has no place among the exquisitries of modern poesy. It has been banished from the councils of the profession. But the office-boy, the printer's devil, the man of the street — they have welcomed the waif. Honest, direct and unpretentious — it has found a lodging place in the heart of the multitude.

Many find joy in committing the limerick to memory, some commit them to the public, while there are those who prefer to commit them with other secret crimes in the innermost recesses of their own souls. Where is the man who has not committed the limerick in some form or other? Find him and you will find one whose heart is hermetically hardened — a boob, a billy goat and an undesirable citizen.

The spirit of the time demands a cipher code for the expression and recording of its impressions.

The limerick is the logical outcome of that spirit. It is the crystalized answer to the universal need.

Just here one is reminded that there is still a certain faction whose conception of the limerick is somewhat incomplete and hazy. A couplet or a ballad or a sonnet perchance, if couched in sufficiently rollicking rhyme, may run a grave chance of becoming a limerick to the uninitiated. This is to be deplored, for the personality of the limerick rests largely on the preciseness of its form. Craving the patience of the more literate, the writer begs to submit the following constructive definition of the limerick.

> Once you've got a good notion with pith
> Then you rhyme it with something like "myth,"
> Rhyming on a bit more
> In lines three and four,
> Matching up with the first in the fifth.

In a recent magazine article on phonetic spelling, there appeared a statement that read something as follows —"If introduced into the public schools, it would mean a saving of an hour a day for each pupil and about ten millions of dollars annually to the state."

What a tremendous saving might likewise have been accomplished, both for themselves and posterity, had some of our literary giants made straight for their goal on the wings of the limerick. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Robert W. Chambers! What a shrivelling of ponderous tomes! What robust years saved for useful pursuits! Had Shakes-

peare grasped the possibilities of the limerick, the Prince of Elsinore would have tripped lightly down to us in five lines instead of five acts.

> When Hamlet the Dane was put hep
> To his uncle's perfidious rep,
> He swore dire reprisal,
> But it ended in fizzle—
> He meant well but hadn't the pep.

Hugo would have made a great limericker. His passion for infinite tersities proves it. How much less miserable might Jean Valjean have been, if his hard lines had been reduced to five. Nor deem it heresy when such an holy relic as "The Raven" of Edgar Allan Poe is subjected to attack. Had the poet employed the more direct method, the true facts of the case would have at once been relieved of all reiteration and prolixity.

> Once a raven from Pluto's dark shore
> Bore the singular news—"Nevermore."
> 'Twas of fruitless avail
> To ask further detail—
> His reply was the same as before.

There is embodied in the limerick an emergency reserve to cope with all circumstance. One is touchingly reminded of the tale of that unfortunate bivalve and his domestic infelicities.

> With his adipose wife lived an oyster,
> And his old eye grew moister and moister;
> "When she sits on my lap,"
> He would say, "I'd be hap-
> py if only I knew how to hoist her!"

Reams of discursive prose have been offered both in support and condemnation of free verse. A maintains that substance is the one consideration; the form of little or no consequence. B would ignore substance and enthrone form. Might not the following lines suggest a happy conclusion to the whole matter.

> There's a popular notion that poetry
> Should have in it something to show it re-
> echoes the soul,
> But that's not the whole —
> It should likewise reveal rythmic flowetry.

The above illustrations taken from widely divergent angles, have here been cited to show that there has at last been found a universal language-peg for whatsoever-sized holes. The pathos of the dramatic; the beauty of the lyric; the searching directness of the analytic — you may find them all in the five-lined essence — the quintessence of the limerick.

Hence the "Limerick Anatomy" or "Limeratomy." In this clinic-limerique the author has endeavored to put within the common grasp, certain livid and burning truths that have been dragged from heaped-up piles of scientific expression and kultur. It is hoped that the appearance of this little volume may prove a happy psychology at this time — an age of self-examination — an epoch when the human machine is coming into its own. To know the whence, the wherefore and the why-is-it, is to forestall the thence, the therefore and the consequently.

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THE NUT

ARGUMENT

Biology and botany alike agree that there is a common ground where plant life and animal life comingle, where the boundary line is variable and indefinite. In beginning the present treatise it was deemed advisable to start from some such neutral territory. For such a beginning, no more notable example could be found than the case of the nut. We will consider the nut, under normal conditions a vegetable growth, at that point where it becomes absorbed by the animal kingdom.

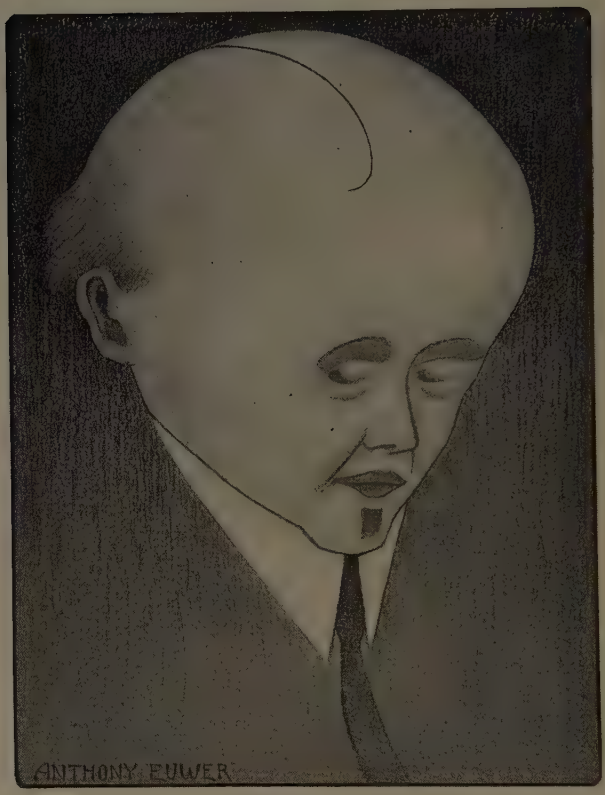
THE NUT

When you've bats in your belfry that flut,
When your *comprenez-vous* rope is cut,
When there's nobody home
In the top of your dome —
Then your head's not a head; it's a nut.

In the contemplation of the nut we are confronted with an anatomical condition, not a theory. Nor is the day of nutty things to be viewed lightly — there are far lower levels of abysmal chaos and coagulation.

NOTE

There are belfries whose bats are so flutty,
With walls built so largely of putty,
Where the gloom is so dense —
And the void so immense —
Well in that case you're not even nutty.



THE HAIR

When from the superb lines of the dome the thatch has fallen, rejoice, oh man, in its sublime beauty — for thus doth Nature unveil at last the hidden glory of her handiwork.

THE HAIR

The ways of the hair they are various,
Its career not a little precarious,
Ofttimes we may note
One alone and remote,
Then again it may be quite gregarious.

The head has an architectural fronting or façade, called the face. Approaching the façade, we are thrilled with various emotions.

THE FACE *

As a beauty I'm not a great star,
There are others more handsome by far,
But my face I don't mind it,
Because I'm behind it —
'Tis the folks in the front that I jar.

* This limerick, written by the author some years ago, has been accredited to a variety of different sources. It will be chiefly remembered as the favorite limerick of President Wilson, who has used it on a number of notable occasions.

THE DOUBLE FAÇADE

In the dispensary of Humanity the rule is one face *per caput.* There are exceptions however.

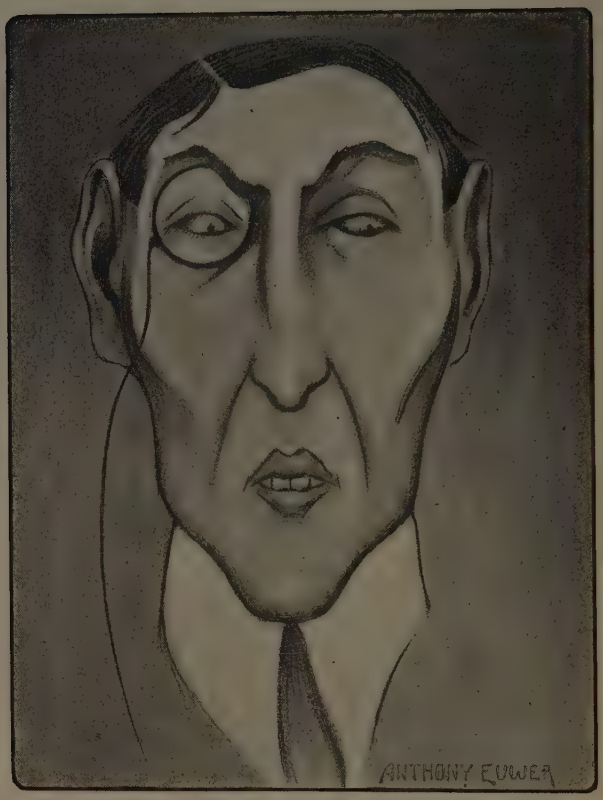
THE DOUBLE FAÇADE

Don't be caught by the fair-weather smile,
'Tis a two-faced contortion most vile,
For you actually think
You're a trump, from her wink,
But you're being bawled out all the while.

Of making many faces there is no end. The mobile countenance of Nature is forever twitching and it never twitches twice in the same place.

NOTE

In the wax works of Nature they strike
Off each minute some face for life's hike,
And of billions of mugs
On us poor human bugs—
There are no two exactly alike.



THE BRAIN

Beneath the belfry or dome we find space. At times this space is occupied by a mellow, thoughtful sort of substance, called brain.

THE BRAIN

To manage and keep up a brain
Is no easy job, it is plain,
That's why a great many
Don't ever use any,
Thus avoiding the care and the strain.

The conscience is an articulate organ attached to the brain, made of a pliable substance which will become quickly hardened through lack of use. It is said to possess a still, small voice — most likely soprano.

THE CONSCIENCE

With a conscience we're able to see
Just how bad we're permitted to be,
At the same time it's true
That what's wicked for you
Mightn't be half so wicked for me.

THE HIGH-BROW

Fronting the brain is the lunette or brow. The high and low lunette mark two prominent schools of architecture.

THE HIGH-BROW

When you simply can't get reconciled
To the home folks and feel you're defiled
By the smirch and the splatter
Of plain, common chatter —
You're becoming a high-brow, my child.

Beneath the lunette projects the nasal awning by means of which we are lured by many a fragrant zephyr, or gently admonished when an ill wind blows; all of which necessitates an involved mechanism situated in an olfactory cite in the suburbs of the cerebrum.

THE NOSE

Through the nose we all learn by degrees
How to snuffle and snort and to sneeze,
And by mere inhalation
To sense the gradation
'Twixt roses and Limberger cheese.

THE COLD

Like other construction work, the machinery of the nose is subject to the variations of heat and cold.

THE COLD

When your stopped-up proboscis turns red
And you heartily wish you were dead,
And you can't taste or smell
And you feel just like — well —
There's a chance you've a cold in your head.

In the absence of other symptoms, the presence of the cold is readily detected by the sneeze.

THE SNEEZE

Now the sneeze is a joy-vent, I s'pose,
When you're tickled to death in your nose —
A pleasing explosion,
Creating erosion —
But you want to watch out where it goes.

THE SNORE

By degrees from a wheeze to a roar, then some more, then a score — that's a snore. The snore is the antithesis of the sneeze. It has ruined more sleep than all the cats in Christendom; it has produced more expletives than the sea-going contingent of the world's merchant marine; and caused more divorces than cold feet, drink or infidelity.

THE SNORE

In the night when I'm waked with a snore,
I wonder if folks gone before,
Keep up the same air
In the mansions up there?
How it must make the Archangels sore!

NOTE

Though 'twould seem like the snorer's in pain,
'Tis a fact that the physical strain
Is borne by the person
Who lies awake cursin',
Counting hours till it's daylight again.

THE SOUL

That the snore is directly connected with the soul, we can not doubt, even admitting the probability that the snore is the soul in pain. And what is the soul? The illustrograph above will give some idea. Other ideas are not barred from the contest.

THE SOUL

Is the soul, do you s'pose, stiff or limp?
Or in folds or a roll or a crimp?
There are times when I think
That it's squirmy and pink,
Or mayhap like a pretzel or shrimp.

Much evidence has recently been brought to light pointing toward the materialistic theory of the soul.

FILLET OF SOUL

If there's fillet of soul, then it's true,
That the soul has a fillet — some clew!
Though it does seem incredible
That the soul should be edible,
I think it's convincing, don't you?

THE EYES

Beneath the lunette are the port-holes of the dome; they are also acclaimed the windows of the soul. In medical science they are recognised as optics. In the vulgate — eyes, blinkers, lamps, etc,

THE EYES

In the eyes all the blues of the skies are,
And how varied the sizes of eyes are —
Why they come, some so small,
You scarce see them at all,
While others are big round as pies are.

Although the focus of the eye is infinite, the angle of vision is limited.

NOTE

When I gaze where the nebulae are,
I see trillions of miles — pretty far!
Yet I oft miss the ditch
Right in front of me which
Lies a-top of my own little star.

THE IRIS

Within the port-hole is a circle of stained glass, called the iris. Its highly decorative effect is often ruined by attempted embellishment on the outer façade.

THE IRIS

When your iris is stunning, Gee Whiz it
Seems tough it should be less exquisite —
By dimming its glim
With a tortoise-shell rim —
And it ain't indispensable, is it?

To heighten the color effect of the iris, a small black dot is effectively placed in the centre. It is called the pupil. In the place of the usual dot there is occasionally found the *polka* dot or dancing pupil referred to below.

THE PUPILS

There are pupils and pupils — some flickery,
Some steadfast and some filled with trickery;
Some pupils with scruples,
And some dancing pupils —
The last is the pupil Terpsichore.

THE LASHES

On all well regulated eyes will be found the shutter, lid, or curtain, with its fringe or lash. The true function of the lash is as yet suppositional.

THE LASHES

Why the lashes were made I'm not certain,
'Less 'twas maybe as fringe to the curtain,
Which when lowered demurely,
Lends a lure that is surely
An invalu'ble adjunct to flirtin'.

Of equal efficiency in this pleasant pastime is the dimple. Whether the dimple is a species of sport growth or the result of erosion, is not definitely known.

THE DIMPLE

There are those who look fair with the dimple,
And others who look simply simple.
Some say 'tis a whimlet
Of Dame Nature's gimlet—
Or it may be an inverted pimple.

THE EXPRESSION

When the general tranquillity of the countenance is broken by an upheaval of the features, there is produced the phenomenon of expression.

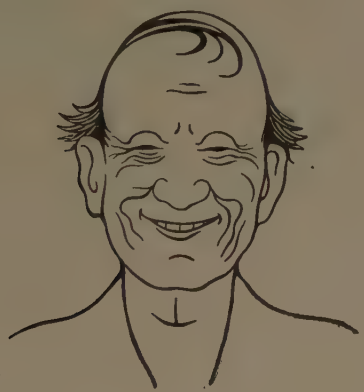
THE EXPRESSION

By contorting the face epidermis,
Or skin, or whatever the term is,
We express or display
Pride, joy or dismay —
The expression's wherever the squirm is.

The smile is produced by the upward squirm. It is induced by miscellaneous emotions and is a mild form of spontaneous combustion. It is a pleasing recreation and may be used as a morning exercise, when not indulged in to excess. The smile is either involuntary or mechanical. (See Double Façade.)

THE SMILE

No matter how grouchy you're feeling,
You'll find the smile more or less healing.
It grows in a wreath
All around the front teeth —
Thus preserving the face from congealing.



THE COMPLEXION

Under some conditions, the expression becomes imbedded beneath a composition or *stucco,* called the complexion.

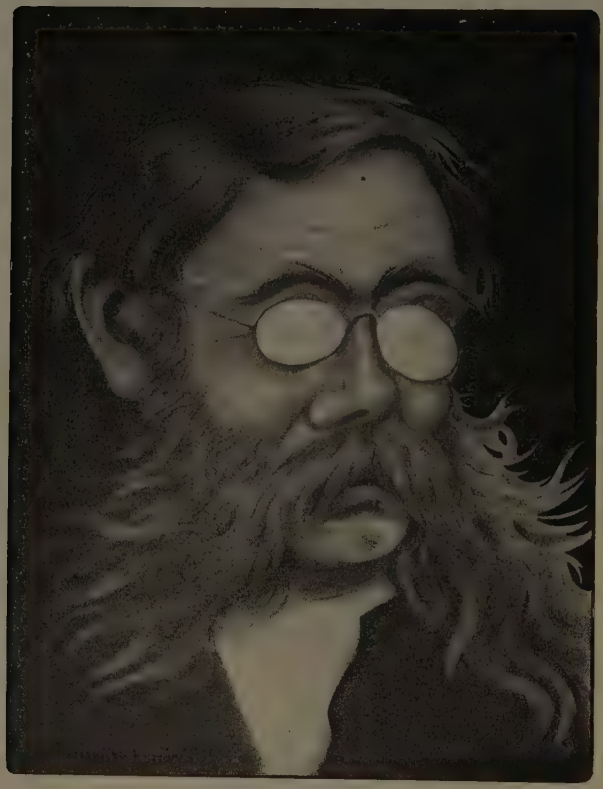
THE COMPLEXION

When you've plastered and rouged out the specks,
And you've cosmedicated the flecks
With lotion and salve —
You'll prob'ly then have
Found out why the complexion's " complex."

Oh where are the pink contours of yesterday? Ask of the snowy summit of the nose—serene above the chalky drifts—the scenic splendor of My Lady's face. Yet hist! A memory of other days babbles gently in our ears a little hymn of caution.

CAUTION

Now your talc is intended, dear friend,
Not to plaster *ad lib*, but should blend
In a soft, subtle way —
Not in vulgar display —
In short, as a *means* to an end.



THE WHISKERS

After all, Nature isn't so worse — when she passes you a lemon in one hand, with the other she gives you sprigs of alfalfa to wreathe around it. Faces that are not citric in tendency attain their greatest charm — like the tail of the mule — from constant pruning.

THE WHISKERS

When your countenance ain't *comme il faut*,
'Tis a jolly good stunt just to grow
All available spots
In whiskery plots —
That is, if they're willing to grow.

NOTE

I wish when my whiskers were sown
In my chin soil, the seed had been blown
To my belfry's bald top,
Where I so need a crop
To supplant what I once used to own.

THE EARS

On either side of the dome are the spiral punctures, or ears, originally designed for the detection of sound.

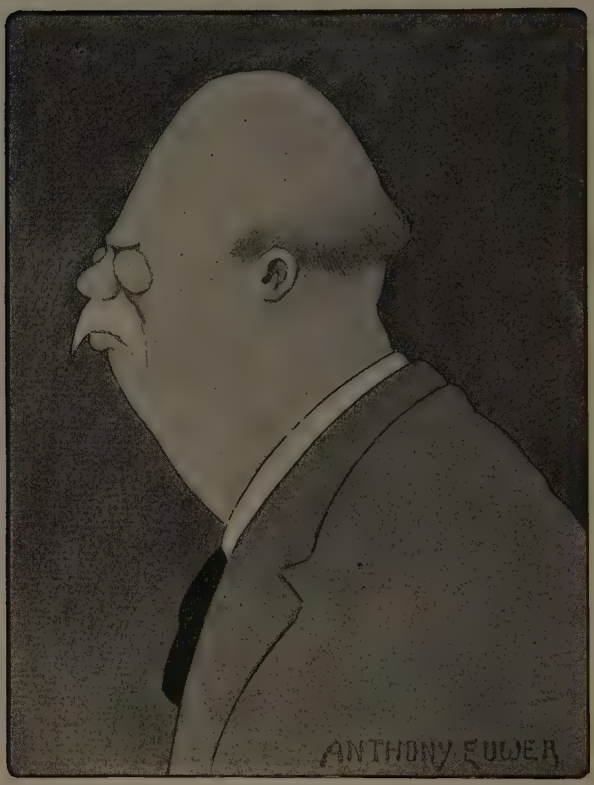
THE EARS

Now the ears, so I always had thunk,
Should bear sounds to the top of the trunk,
But from some I observe,
They seem merely to serve
As racks for the Jooler-man's junk.

The human ear is distinguished from other varieties by reason of its stationary attribute. This condition may be overcome, however, by constant practice.

NOTE

Though you're able to do it, my dears,
Let us hope you don't wiggle your ears.
To be perfectly blunt —
'Tis an assinine stunt
Done by folks who are loose in their gears.



THE CHIN

On the southern slope of the façade are the dunes of the chin. As the chin had not yet appeared on the slope of primitive man, we are led to conclude that the art of "chinning" is of geologically recent date, probably not earlier than 1,000,000 B.C.

THE CHIN

The chin it was made to give trouble,
Either pimples or dimples or stubble,
Though some have the gall
To not grow at all,
While others come triple and double.

Many a prominent young chin has been slowly buried alive by the shifting sands of time.

THE JOWL

When your voice tumbles out with a growl,
When you grab up your fork like a trow'l,
When your gray stuff is packed
In a nut that's straight-backed —
'Tis a ten-to-one shot you've a jowl.

THE LIPS

Just beneath the awning are the ruby gates of the portico. The *entré* here is by means of the countersign — which has been the same in all ages and all climes.

THE LIPS

Be your speech esperanto or cryptical,
Futuric or ancient Egyptical,
There is one common lingo
That gets there — by Jingo!
If you gather my meaning — the liptickle.

Ruby or lip-red was unquestionably the result of much experiment. No other color of the spectrum gives such a natural touch.

THE CORPUSCLES

Did you know that an infinite slew
Of red poker chips cause the hue
On your lips, and so small —
For they're corpuscles all,
What? You didn't know that? Well they do!

THE TEETH

We now enter the main hall-way that leads to the various departments of the interior. Here we encounter the pickets or teeth, a splendid and ferocious company whose reign of frightfulness endureth forever.

THE TEETH

'Tis a great satisfaction, in sooth,
When you've got almost ev'ry front tooth.
Still with all of them present
It's even more pleasant
And perhaps just a trifle more couth.

The pickets should be kept in fighting trim for any emergency. Still, intensive training has its limits.

ADMONITION

When the pickets you pick, do refrain
From the use of a fork. I'll explain—
Just supposing, perchance,
Should the instrument glance—
What a hole it might make in your brain.

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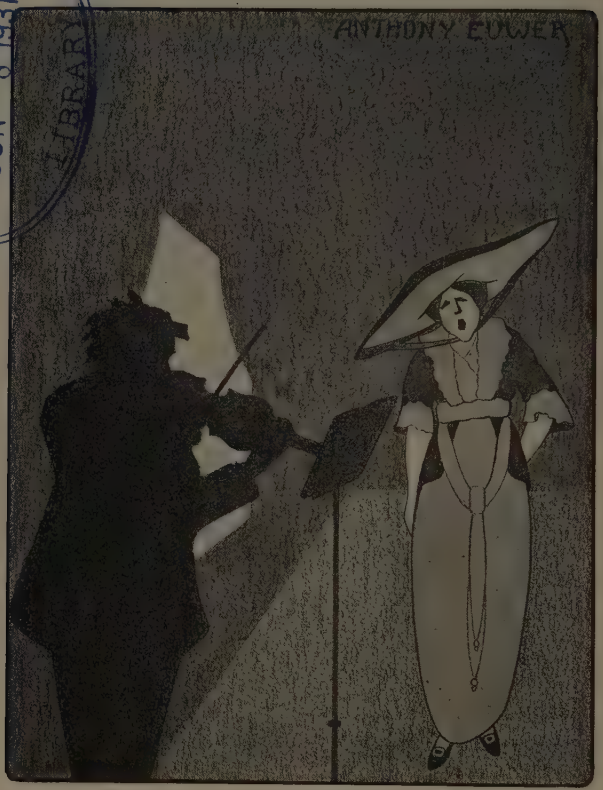


THE VOICE

When a draught of hot air passes through the hall-way, it is transmuted into sound, which is then separated into talk, guff and other by-products.

THE VOICE

With an *in* and an *out* exhalation
We make voice with a vocal vibration,
Which trained hard and long
We may turn into song,
Then again into mere conversation.

Among the many appurtenances of the main hall-way is the sliding floor, or esculator, called the tongue.

THE TONGUE

To distinguish the tongue prob'ly this'll
Assist, when I say 'tis of gristle.
It's our censor of taste —
Although locally placed
As a gangway for vocal epistle.

THE EPIGLOTTIS

Bearing southward, we reach the region of the epiglottis.

THE EPIGLOTTIS

Have a heart for your poor epiglottis,
Don't crowd down your victuals, for what is
More sad than the sight
Of a wind-pipe plugged tight
When the food fails to see where the slot is.

To the north of the epiglottis is the tonsorial parlor, where the tonsils may frequently be found.

THE TONSILS

With the tonsils the principal wheeze
Is to harbor the germs of disease.
That's why most M.D. dope
Avers they're *de trope* —
Poor French but good rhyme, if you please!

THE NECK

Surmounted on the trunk is a hollow isthmus, or tubing, called the neck. It conveys the plumbing system to the dome.

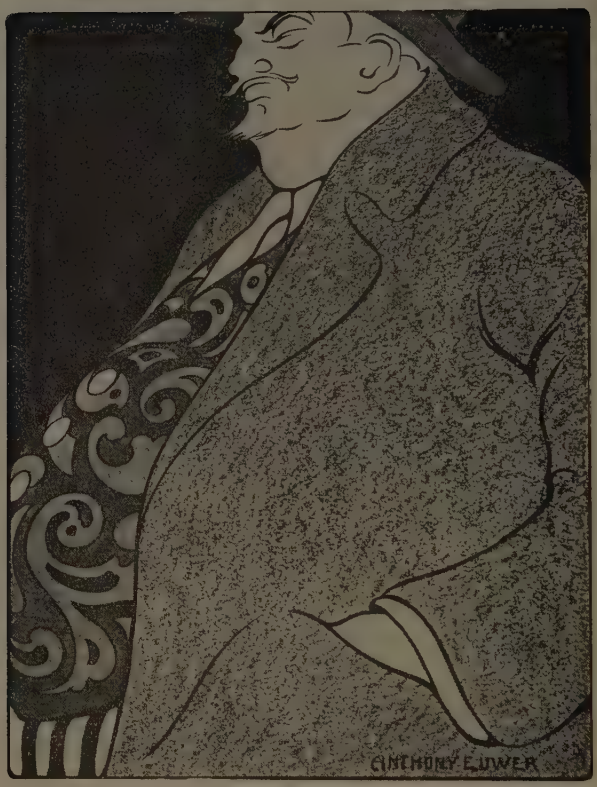
THE NECK

To the head set on top like a cobble,
The neck gives its rotary wobble;
Often fat, often thin,
Sometimes covered with skin,
It also assists us to gobble.

Can it be that the throat is the seat of the emotions? Have you ever felt a big lump there in moments of great sorrow and privation? Do not swallow this lump, however tempted. Sometimes this lump is mistaken for varicose windpipe. It is particularly apparent when there is insufficient masonry to cover the plumbing.

THE ADAM'S APPLE

How often some grievous mishap'll
Start the throat on a lump-gripping grapple.
And it grows and it grows,
Keeping pace with our woes,
And it's known by the term "Adam's Apple."



THE TUM

Entering the lift near the epiglottis and forging south, the next point of interest is the crypt, or tum.

THE TUM

The tum's a distributing place
For the cargoes that enter the face;
Perhaps a small station
Or large corporation —
It depends on the manager's pace.

An unwillingness among the medical profession to speak of a shovel as a shovel, has wrought endless confusion concerning the commissariat.

NOTE

To employ the evasive cognomen
Is a practice indulged in by so man-
y, who will not be frank —
Thus the "tum" or the "tank"
Is dubbed in hushed breath, the "abdomen."

THE APPETITE

In the dark confines of the crypt there roves an unchained, uncanny monster, called the appetite.

THE APPETITE

We admit that he's low-browed and rummy,
Yet permit him to be rather chummy,
And toss him down grub —
Which he grabs from his sub-
terranean hole in our tummy.

All goods received in the crypt are transferred to the flesh department, and assorted. There are several varieties.

THE FLESH

Since the days when the race was first bred,
Human flesh has been usu'lly red;
Though some I've detected,
Who — were they dissected —
I think you'd find crab-meat instead.

ADIPOSITY

In the commissariat all excess baggage is converted into adipose tissue, in which case there is but one alternative.

ADIPOSITY

When you're too adipose to be bonny,
And it makes you morose, sad and wanny,
There's a book, if you'll buy it,
On diet — go try it —
I think it's called "Gorge and Grow Scrawny."

The human edifice is contained in an elastic and water-proof wrapper, called the skin.

THE SKIN

We've a union-skin suit to our ears,
Which we don and doff each seven years.
Though we often feel warm in't,
There's charm to the garment,
For it's all porus-knit, it appears.

THE THIN

Strictly speaking, the children of Adam are all skinny, which leads us to the astounding discovery that skinny people are not thin, nor fleshy ones fat. The truly thin person is distinguished by a preponderance of fleshy absence.

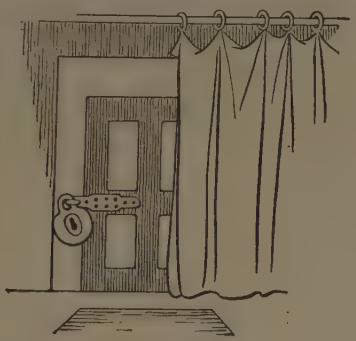
THE THIN

In the space twixt the bones and the skin
Is the place where most people get thin.
In its far advanced stages —
'Tis truly outrageous —
Like a sort of convent'nalised pin.

Beyond the n'th power of the thin we have the skeleton of which there are two varieties—*family* and *bony*.

THE FAMILY SKELETON

Beside his own bones there is pent
In the fam'ly of most ev'ry gent,
A private collection —
Exempt from inspection —
By common desire and consent.



THE VEGETARIAN

Human latitude and longitude, as previously suggested, are based largely on diet — still accidents may happen to the best regulated motives.

THE VEGETARIAN

When a bachelor maiden named Sarah Anne
Found a fly on her plate, she grew very angry. Yelled she, "Waiter!
Here's meat with my 'tater,
And I am a strict Vegetarian!"

Whenever the skeleton is not pleasing to look upon, it is disguised in muscles, which are also useful as "shock absorbers" while on tour.

THE MUSCLES

Oh I'm glad I'm protected from knocks,
From my neck-tie clear down to my socks,
And padded and bolstered,
Fenced in and upholstered
With muscles to soak up the shocks.

THE FIGURE

The end of all flesh is muscle, the end of all muscle is tendon
— the end of both a pleasing symposium called the figure.

THE FIGURE

She's endeavored since corsets began,
To improve on God's work when she can,
Has woman, but come now,
She's got to go some now,
To beat the original plan.

NOTE

Now your figure's like life — don't mistake it,
For it's largely whatever you make it.
It can be the real stuff,
Or a garment-made bluff,
In so far as your tailor can fake it.

THE BACKBONE

To the rear of most figures will be found the back-bone. In ancient narrative it has been observed that the head was accustomed to sit upon one end of the back-bone and the owner on the other. Today we find that history has not ceased to repeat itself. The back-bone is best viewed during the period of low visibility.

THE BACK-BONE

Though the charm of her youth may have flown,
Rare's the woman who can't hold her own.
When it comes to a show-down,
She'll stick on a low gown —
Just to show that she has some back-bone.

The quality of the vertebrae is variable. At times it is a compote of pep, ginger, sand and reinforced concrete. Instances of non-resistant material are also found in huge quantities, while entirely invertebrate specimens are not at all uncommon.

NOTE

Now this statement may seem rather phony,
But some back-bones there are so un-bony,
So wobbly and lacking
In stuff that makes backing —
You would think they were boiled macaroni.

THE NERVY SYSTEM

Wherever the real back-bone exists, we find radiating from it the nervy system. It is chiefly brought into play in the absence of capillary attraction.

THE NERVY SYSTEM

Said a maid, "Now that fellow, contwist him,
He proposed, and I couldn't resist him.
I guess it was prob'ly
Because I was wobbly —
And he'd the complete nervy system."

In the constellation of the nervy system will likewise be found the medula oblongata, explained more fully by the nebular hypothesis, details of which may be found elsewhere.

THE MEDULA OBLONGATA

Though it sounds like a sort of sonata,
'Tain't confirmed by our medical data,
I'm referring of course
To that centre of force —
The medula-ah-ah-oblongata.

THE MOLECULAR THEORY

Do not brood over breeds of bacteria, bewail not the boundless bacilli, bothersome though they be that beset you. Better to bide in the blissful belief that brickbats we're blind to, won't bother us, than be brimming with baneful biogeny.

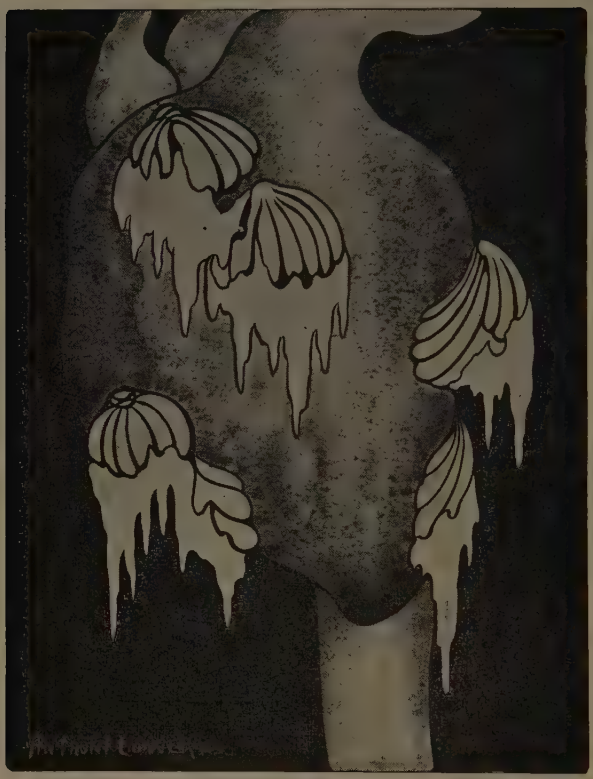
THE MOLECULAR THEORY

Don't wear your life out with molecular
Problems of goblums insecular.
Though the ozone may seethe
With the bugs that we breathe,
We can't be too bloomin' partecular.

The lungs, situated on the mezzanine beneath the airshaft, are the headquarters of the fresh-air mission, supported entirely by involuntary contributions. As in other charitable organizations, donations from questionable sources, etc., & etc., are accepted without comment — for the greater good that may result.

THE LUNGS

To convert the bad blood that goes swishin'
Through the veins, is the lungs' chief ambition.
A purity fight
That keeps up day and night,
Down there in that under-world mission.



THE COCKLES

Prior to the appearance of the present treatise, medical science had utterly ignored that feature of the hydraulic system of the heart, known as the cockles.

THE COCKLES

Now the function of cockles, we're told,
Is just to get warmed, hence I hold —
And I'm quite sure that you
Will agree with me too —
That the cockles are usu'lly cold.

The ancients believed that the heart was the abode of the emotions. In a previous chapter of this work it was reasonably suggested that the emotions were situate in the throat. As the heart oftentimes gets into the throat, might it not have been on such an occasion as this that the archaic theory was first conceived.

THE HEART

Human hearts are hydraulicky things,
Not love-lorn, but frolicky things.
Still it's well to watch out
That they don't become stout
Alcoholicky, bloated, high-ballicky things.

THE BLOOD

From the pumping station the blood is propelled to the uttermost ends of the figure. The blood may be of varied hue, according to climate and previous condition of servitude.

THE BLOOD

There are vessels in both me and you,
For the blood to carouse along through.
Mine I like rich and red
From my feet to my head —
Although some are quite proud of their blue.

The human trunk, or torso, is built on the ever-ready plan and comes in many makes and all sizes. It is bound in hide, will stand jostling and is admirably constructed for travelling purposes.

THE TORSO

I'm so glad when I launched on life's trip,
That my paraphernalia could slip
In the trays of my torso;
And I'm glad, even more so,
'Twas a trunk that I had — not a grip.

THE WAIST

As originally arranged, the trunk was made to strap around the middle. The rule, however, is no longer observed in latter-day architecture.

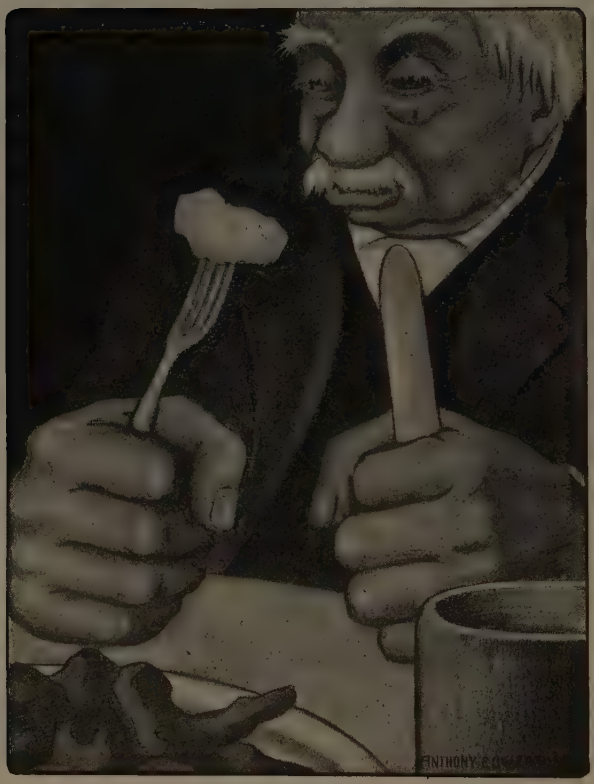
THE WAIST

An imag'nary line is the waist
Which seldom stays long where it's placed,
But ambles and skips
Twixt shoulders and hips,
According to popular taste.

One of the first thoughts of nature is Preparedness. Hence the armament of the human edifice.

THE ARMS

How mechanical feats seem to shrivel,
How the genius of man turns to drivel,
When we stand off and gaze
At the infinite ways
That the arm swings around on its swivel.



THE HANDS

At the antipodal extremity of the arm is a spatulate growth, called the hand.

THE HANDS

The hands they were made to assist
In supplying the features with grist.
There are only a few —
As a rule about two —
And are hitched to the end of the wrist.

In the elbow is situated the end of the humerus or funny bone, in which there resides a sort of dry humor that is released on sudden impact with foreign bodies.

THE FUNNY BONE

Have you ever, when glum'rous and sore,
Bumped your humerus hard on the door?
Though your woes they be numerous,
They'll depart, so the rumor is —
Since that's what the funny bone's for.

THE FINGERS

The spatulate growth of the hand is subdivided into other separate growths, forming the antennae or fingers.

THE FINGERS

Should a medical treatise discard
All extraneous facts, nor regard
The beauty that lingers
In tapering fingers?
For it's hard for a bard, very hard.

To the palm are attached the fingers and wrist, as well as a certain mystic significance.

THE PALM

In the lines of the palm, 'tis averred,
That your capers can all be inferred.
If it's true, then my palms
They would give me some qualms —
But I'm sure the whole thing is absurd!

THE KNEES

Beneath the trunk are the struts or legs. They can be folded when necessary, owing to an ingenious contrivance called the knee.

THE KNEES

Can you vaguely imagine the fix
If your legs were as stiff as two sticks?
That's exactly the reason
They're both built with knees on —
Otherwise they'd be quite good for nix.

As the term "knee" appears in other relations to the figure, the result is sometimes confusing.

THE KIDNEYS

You need not be a kid to possess
A pair of kidneys — and I guess
You can have house-maid's knee
Without having to be
Accoutered in feminine dress.

THE BOW LEGS

The legs may be worn in a variety of ways, probably the widest appeal being the bow.

THE BOW LEGS

Ain't it funny sometimes how a mode
Will reveal what we'd never have knowed?
Once I thought women's legs
Were straighter than pegs —
That is, till I learned they were bowed.

Below the knee the symmetricals or muscles are so assembled as to form the calf.

THE CALVES

Now should calves be discussed in a poem
When it's even thought wicked to show 'em?
Still if they're so awful,
Then why are they lawful,
And why permit people to grow 'em?

THE ANKLE

By a gradual cessation of the calf is evolved the ankle. When there is no cessation there is no ankle. This, however, is of small consequence for, as has been aptly observed, the beauty of the ankle is only shin deep.

THE ANKLE

The ankle's chief end is exposiery
Of the latest designs in silk hosiery,
Also I suspect
It was made to connect
The part called the calf with the toesiery.

Intermittent planetary contact is essential to all terrestrial locomotion. This relationship is established in the human instance by means of the two movable bases or feet. When, for any reason, the basic function is suspended, automatic contact may be maintained elsewhere. As a rule the bases are amenable to suggestion.

THE FEET

I'm so glad that my tootsies can circumnavigate round when I work 'em.
Like strings in a guitar
The chords in my feet are
So responsive whenever I jerk 'em.

PIGEON TOES

Feet, like many other things in life, do not always turn out the right way.

PIGEON TOES

Said a pigeon-toed maiden named Mame,
"Do you know that my pigeon-toes came
Just from great gulps and gobs
Of squabs upon squabs!"
Oh, beware of the pigeon-toed dame.

From fossiology we learn that the horse of yesterday had toes. To-day he has a hoof. To-day man has toes. To-morrow—who knows!

THE TOES

At the bows of your barges the toes are,
And in graded quintettes all their rows are,
Often shod with such grace—
But this book is no place
To discuss what belongs to the Beaux Arts.

IN RETROSPECT

Having studied the paragon of all animal growth in its varied phases, let us glimpse for a moment its obscure beginnings.

IN RETROSPECT

Once he scampered, did man, long before us,
In the days of the Wacktheosaurus —
With barely a shimmy on,
The old semi-simeon —
Which must have seemed most indecorous.

NOTE

When you see, though, the shocking displays
That we meet on all sides nowadays,
Why our forbears are tripped,
And out-classed and out-stripped
In at least an odd billion of ways.

APPENDIX

THE APPENDIX

Science claims we might all move about
Sans appendix, the which I don't doubt.
As the same might be said
Of some books that we've read,
Why insert, when it's better cut out?

THE END

33 exquisite

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